

In Memory
of the

Brave Men who met their Death

While in the

Discharge of their Duty

At the

St. Urbain Street Fire

On

Sunday, April 29, 1877,

And whose Funerals are to take place this day.

**Melt, hearts ! Flow, tears ! Deep heavy cloud
Of dismal melancholy shroud,
Nay, overwhelm the stoniest breast !
Though, ne'er before, with grief oppressed,
Resist, no more, her powerful sway,
Enroused by such calamity
As now o'erspreads its gloomy gown,
Like darkest night, our awe-struck town !**

**Fire, fierce relentless element,
Inters, in blackest cerement,
Right noble heroes of the hose,
Enwrapped in death's most violent throes.**

**Borne hence, unwarned, and hurriedly
Rushed forth into Eternity,—
Inearthed, and with deep wounds prostrated,
Grilled, roasted, and, alive, cremated,—
Aloft, to meet their God, they rise,
Dragged ruthlessly from those they prize,
Enforced, unsummoned, to the skies.**

**Hush ! Let the funeral array
Of mourners wend their silent way !
Let weeping mothers, widowed wives,
Orphans, bewailing fathers' lives,
Creep on, with measured tread, and slow,—
Associate-friend of heavy woe !—
Unfeigned, sincerest symph'thy spread,
Sink down each heart, bend low each head
To lamentation, o'er the dead !**

JAMES CRANKSHAW.

MONTREAL, May 1st, 1877.